MY SISTER HENRIETTA

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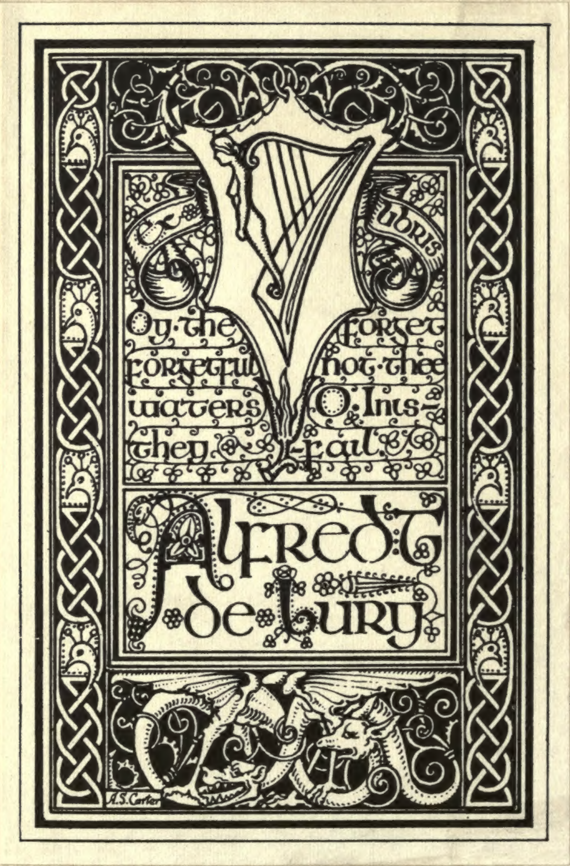
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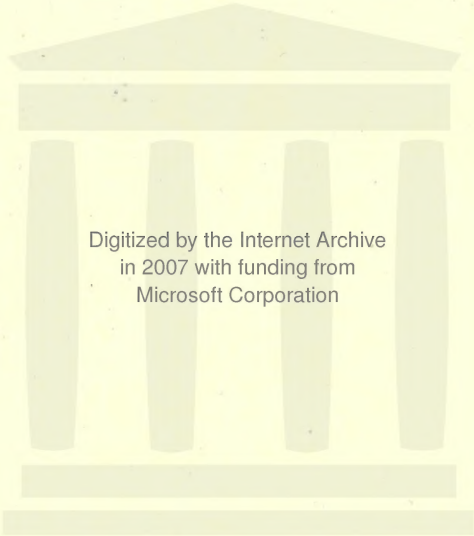
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MY SISTER HENRIETTA

"Ah *could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be!*"—
Care not for that, and lay me where I fall!
Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call;
But at God's altar, oh! remember me.

Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been, through all
Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Libyan sea.

Had been! but at the end, to her pure soul
All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole.
Yet we her memory, as she pray'd, will keep,
Keep by this: Life in God, and union there!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MY SISTER HENRIETTA

TRANSLATED FROM
THE FRENCH OF ERNEST
RENAN BY LUCIE PAGE

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
Mdcccc

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1900

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PREFACE

AMIDST *the disillusions and the change,*
The fears that fall on all as we grow old,
The outward haps that threaten, rude and strange,
The lonely sorrows we must hide untold:

'Midst the defiling fellowships of earth,
The strife, the hardness of the mart and street,—
The greed, the lust, the spleen, the empty mirth—
What would I not, those gracious eyes to greet!

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

PREFACE

THIS little work reproduces the memoir of his sister by Ernest Renan, entitled; *Henrietta Renan; A Memorial for those who knew her*,—a pathetic tribute that hastens to say, "These pages were not written for the public and will never be offered for sale."

In 1883, in his preface to *Recollections of Childhood and Youth*, Renan wrote: "She whose influence upon my life was strongest, my sister Henrietta, has but little place in this volume. In September, 1862, a year after the death of that precious sister, I wrote for the few who knew her, a brief sketch, sacred to her memory. Only a hundred copies were printed and read with sympathy by friends who loved us both. My sister was so modest, her aversion to publicity was so strong, I should expect her to reproach me from the tomb, were I to give these pages to the world. Sometimes I have thought it might be well to include them in this volume, but again, it seemed

like profanation. I cannot expose a memory which I hold sacred to the scornful comments which are the rights of every purchaser. I am convinced it would be as base to insert these pages in a book intended for ordinary readers, as to exhibit my sister's portrait in an auction room. This memorial will not, therefore, be reprinted before my death."

In a codicil to his will, dated November 4, 1888, Renan thus authorizes the present reprint: "My wife will decide how it is best to republish my little volume of reminiscences of my sister Henrietta."

The reprint here presented, was, indeed, arranged by Mme. Cornelia Renan.

Other than these words, prefixed as a note to the French text of *Ma Sœur Henriette* (Paris, 1895), a book like this really requires no further introduction. It came from the heart, and will surely reach other hearts however widely asunder in time or space.

But fitness there is in calling attention to Mme. James Darmesteter's *Life of Ernest Renan*, which so admirably fills the purpose of at once making its subject well known and well beloved by us. It is not necessary to restate what in detail has been set forth in this excellent biography: suffice it to say that the extracts given in our appendix

should send every sympathetic reader to its charming pages.

In this connexion one other thing, apparently overlooked by those who have hitherto translated this little memorial, should here find place. Surely Renan's dedication of *The Life of Jesus* ought to become more widely known — more accessible than it now is! Few inscriptions can be compared to it.[1] Renan's devotion for all his sister had been to him here found expression in what might

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1 The dedication of John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty*, (1859,) is the only one of equal literary value that now occurs to us. It has the same indubitable ring of sorrowful sincerity:

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings — the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward — I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it, than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

almost be called lyric utterance. She had inspired his imperishable book: to her, and to none other could words at once so true and so surcharged with affection have been rightly uttered.

TO THE PURE SPIRIT OF MY SISTER HENRIETTA, WHO DIED AT BYBLUS, SEPTEMBER 24, 1861.

In the bosom of God, where thou reposest, dost thou remember those long days at Ghazir, when, alone with thee, I wrote these pages, inspired by the places which we visited together? Sitting silently beside me, thou didst read each sheet and copy it as soon as written,—at our feet, meanwhile, the sea, the villages, ravines and mountains lay unfolded. When the dazzling light had yielded to the countless host of stars, thy keen and subtle questions, thy discreet doubts, brought me back to the sublime object of our common thought. Thou saidst to me one day that thou wouldst love this book, first, because it was written in thy presence, and, also, because it was after thine own heart. If, at times, thou wast troubled, fearing for it the narrow censure of shallow men, yet wast thou ever persuaded that truly religious souls would delight therein at last.

In the midst of these sweet meditations Death smote us both with his wing; the sleep of fever came upon us in the same hour and I awoke alone! Thou sleepest now in the land of Adonis, near the holy Byblus and the sacred waters where the women of the ancient mysteries came to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O good genius, to me whom thou didst love, those truths which conquer death, prevent the fear thereof and make it almost to be loved.

MY SISTER HENRIETTA

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,
That liquid voice, a living lyre—
Do these not vibrate, throb, and burn
Where the lost lights of time return?

The aspiration, passion, power,
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless—
Beginnings bright of emptiness?

Love's shattered dream—shall it not rise,
Re-builded for immortal eyes?
Life's broken song end where round Him
Still quire "the young-eyed cherubim"?

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

MY SISTER HENRIETTA

THE memory of man is but a shadow of the impress we leave on the Infinite mind, yet it is no vain thing. The human conscience is the most perfect reflection that we know of the combined moral sense of the universe. The esteem of one person is a part of abstract justice. Noble lives need only God's remembrance, yet men have ever striven to preserve their records. I were the more remiss, failing in this duty toward my sister Henrietta, because I alone knew the treasures of that elect soul. Her timidity, her reserve, her fixed opinion that a woman should live in retirement cast a veil over her rare endowments that was seldom lifted. Her life was full of sacrifice that will never be told; I will not betray her

secrets. These pages were not written for the public and will never be offered for sale, but the few to whom my sister revealed her true nature, would reproach me if I neglected to set in order recollections that may complete their own.

I

My sister Henrietta was born at Tréguier, July twenty-second, 1811. Hers was no joyous childhood, for sadness and the gravest duties very early claimed her thoughts, while her serious nature, an inheritance from our father, inclined her to shun the world and its pleasures, even its ordinary diversions. She had no trace of the gay and lively humour which my mother never lost through a vigorous old age; her religious feelings, restrained at first by the influence of Catholicism, were always deep. Tréguier, the little town where we were born, is an ancient Episcopal site, rich in poetic memories. It was one of those old monastic cities such as the Welsh and Irish used to build, founded by Breton emigrants of the sixth century, the honour being ascribed to an abbot named Tual or Tugdual. In the ninth century, when Noménoé, hoping to establish a Breton nation, turned all the great northern monasteries into bishoprics, Pabu-Tual, or the Monastery of

Saint Tual, was among the number. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Tréguier became an ecclesiastical centre of some importance and a resort for the local nobility. During the Revolution the bishopric was suppressed, but after Catholic worship was restored, the immense edifices belonging to the city made it once more a religious centre, a town of convents and ecclesiastical institutions. Bourgeois life with the activities of trade does not flourish within its walls. Its streets, all but one or two, are long, deserted alleys, formed by high convent walls or old canonical residences enclosed by gardens. A general air of distinction prevails, and there is a charm about this poor dead city that cannot be found in the stirring and prosperous trading places that have sprung up all around.

The cathedral especially, a beautiful structure of the fourteenth century, with its lofty nave, its bold architecture, its slender spire that soars so high, and its old Roman tower, a fragment of an earlier construction, is well fitted to inspire noble thoughts. It used to be open late at night that pious souls might pray there; lighted by a solitary lamp and permeated with the warm moist air peculiar to old buildings, the vast interior was full of mystic terrors.

The outskirts of the town are rich in strange or beautiful legends. Here within a quarter of a league, stands the chapel built near the birthplace of the good councillor, St. Yves, a Breton saint of the last century, whom tradition calls the champion of the weak and a famous redresser of wrongs. Close by, on a height, the old church of St. Michael was destroyed in a storm. They took us there every year on Holy Thursday because it is believed that on this day, while silence is imposed, all the church bells go to Rome to beg the Pope's blessing. We climbed the ruin-crowned hill to watch them pass, and when we shut our eyes, could see them floating by, swaying gently, with their lace christening robes streaming behind. Just beyond, in a charming valley, rises the tiny chapel of the Five-Wounds. Across the river by a holy well, is Our Lady of Tromeur, a shrine sacred to pilgrims.

My sister's inclination for a life of religious devotion was fostered by a childhood spent amid these surroundings, so full of poetic sadness. Some nuns, who had become teachers since the Revolution drove them from their convents, taught her to read and to recite the Psalms in Latin. She learned by heart all that are used in church, and in time, by conning over the old text

which she compared with the French and Italian, she came to know Latin very well, though she was never thoroughly instructed. Her education would have remained, perforce, very incomplete, but for the good fortune which provided her with a teacher superior to any in that region. The noble families of Tréguier had come back from exile, completely ruined. A young lady belonging to one of these families, who had been educated in England, began to give lessons. Both her taste and manners were distinguished, and she made a deep impression upon my sister, — one that was never effaced.

The trials which she met so early increased Henrietta's innate seriousness. Our paternal grandfather belonged to a sort of clan of sailors and peasants who people the province of Goëlo. Our father served in the fleets of the republic, and after the naval disasters of those days, commanded ships of his own; then, by degrees, he drifted into trade, which was a great mistake. Unfit for business, lacking in calculation, full of simplicity and continually restrained by that timidity which makes the sailor a child in practical affairs, he saw his small inheritance melt away, lost in a hopeless gulf. The events of 1815 brought a commercial crisis

which was fatal to him. His weak, sensitive nature could not struggle with misfortune and he began to lose his hold upon life. Hour by hour, my sister marked the effects of trouble upon this gentle spirit, broken by the anxieties of a calling to which he was never adapted. Through these sad experiences she matured rapidly and when but twelve years old, she seemed grave in thought and behaviour, burdened with care and gloomy forebodings.

On returning from one of his long voyages through our bleak northern seas, one last gleam of joy greeted my father. I was born in February, 1823. The advent of a little brother was a great comfort to my sister who clung to me with all the ardour of a tender, reserved nature, yearning for something to love. I remember to this day, the petty tyrannies I invented against which she never rebelled. When she put on her best frock to go to a party with her mates, I hung upon her skirts and begged her to return. Then she would come back, take off her finery and stay at home with me. One day she told me in jest, I must be good or she would die, and, soon after, she pretended to be dead in an armchair. Fate did not permit me to catch her last sigh, but the horror I felt as she lay motionless, was

perhaps, the strongest impression of my life. Beside myself with fear, I sprang forward and gave her arm a terrible bite; her cry rings in my ears now. To all her reproaches I could answer nothing but, "Why then did you die? Will you die again?"

In July, 1828, our father's misfortunes ended in a terrible manner. His ship, returning from St. Malo, sailed into Tréguier harbour, one day, without him. The crew said they had not seen him for several days. My mother sought him for a whole month in untold agony, when she heard that a body had been washed ashore at Erqui, a village between St. Brieuc and Cape Fréhel; it proved to be that of our father. How came he to die? Was he surprised by one of those accidents so common to seamen? Did he lose himself in one of those long dreams of the Infinite which sometimes lap the Breton in his endless sleep? Did he feel that he had earned repose? Weary of struggle, did he take his place upon a rock saying, "This stone shall be my pillow and here I choose to rest to all eternity?" We cannot tell. We laid him beneath the sands where twice a day the waves sweep over him; there is as yet no stone to mark the spot and tell the passer what he was to me.

My sister's grief was intense; she was like

our father and she loved him tenderly. She always spoke of him with tears and never doubted that his long-tried soul was pure and acceptable in the sight of God.

II

AFTER my father's death we were very poor. My brother, then nineteen years old, went to Paris, there to begin a life of toil and application which was never to meet its due reward. We left Tréguier which had become too sad for us and went to live near my mother's family at Lannion. My sister was then seventeen; her faith had always been strong and more than once she thought seriously of entering a religious order; on winter nights she would take me to church with her, sharing her cloak with me, and, thus warmly sheltered, I delighted to tramp over the snow. But for me, she would doubtless have adopted a vocation so plainly in keeping with her education, her piety, her want of fortune and the custom of our country. Her thoughts turned especially to the convent of St. Anne at Lannion which divided its work between the care of the sick and that of teaching young girls.

Alas! had she followed her inclination she might have been happier, but she was too faithful a daughter, too loving a sister to choose peace at the expense of duty even when her religious views justified it. She now assumed the responsibility of my future.

My awkward movements showed her one day that I was timidly striving to hide the rents in a worn-out garment; she burst into tears for it wrung her heart to see a child with instincts far removed from poverty, doomed to suffer all its miseries. She determined that hers must be a life of struggle, that unaided, she would lift us from the gulf where our father's misfortunes had plunged us. One poor girl was quite unequal to such an undertaking and the career she had chosen, was most difficult to follow. It was decided that we should return to Tréguier where she would open a school. Of all the occupations possible to a poor gentlewoman that of teaching girls, in a small provincial town, certainly demands the greatest courage. The revolution of 1830 was just over and those remote provinces were passing through a serious crisis. The nobility, seeing its privileges respected under the Restoration, had joined frankly in the social movement; now, in its fancied humiliation, it avenged itself by retiring within a narrow circle and hindering the general development of society. The Legitimist families affected to send their children only to convent schools, and the middle class, aping the gentry, followed their example, to be in fashion. My sister, who could never stoop to the shrewd,

vulgar methods which seem necessary to the success of a private school, — my sister with her refinement, her earnestness and her solid education, found her poor little school deserted; her modesty, her reserve and her exquisite feeling contributed in this case to her failure. Contending with narrow ideas and forced to humour the most foolish pretences, her noble spirit spent itself in an endless contest with a decadent society, robbed of its best elements by a revolution, from which as yet it had reaped no benefits. A few persons whose views were broader, learned to appreciate her. Henrietta was at that time unusually lovely, despite a birthmark which disfigured her in the eyes of strangers. Those who met her for the first time late in life when her bloom had withered in a harsh climate, cannot imagine the delicate languor of her beauty in earlier years; her eyes were wonderfully soft, her hand, the daintiest ever seen.

One very intelligent man, free from the prejudices that sway provincial towns, now the aristocratic element has disappeared or has lapsed into stupidity, felt a strong attachment for her. Certain proposals were made with conditions discreetly indicated, — designed indeed, to separate her in a

measure from her nearest friends toward whom it was thought she had fulfilled her duty. She refused to listen to them, although the decision and integrity of her own character, inspired her with a true regard for one in whom she recognized the same qualities. She chose poverty in preference to wealth which could not be shared by her family.

Her position, in the meantime, was growing more and more painful and the fees due her were so irregularly paid that we often regretted leaving Lannion where we had found far more kindness and sympathy.

She then resolved to face a trial greater than any she had yet known. A friend of ours who had recently been in Paris told her of a situation as under teacher in a small school for girls; the poor child accepted it and, at twenty-four, she set out for a new world where, friendless and unadvised, she was to serve a cruel apprenticeship.

This life in Paris was a terrible experience and amid harshness, indifference and charlatanry, despair seized her. The love we Bretons bear our land, our customs and our fireside, tugged at her heart with restless yearning; lost in an ocean of humanity where she was completely overshadowed by her modesty, and where her reserve pre-

vented her from forming those friendly relations which comfort and support, if no more, she fell into a homesickness which threatened her health.

When the Breton is first transplanted, he suffers most from the feeling that God as well as man has forsaken him; his sky is all clouds; his genial faith in the moral order of the universe, his serene optimism are shaken and he feels himself cast out of paradise into an inferno of icy indifference; the voice of goodness and beauty has lost its melody and he is tempted to cry out, "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

To increase my sister's distress at this period, the schools where she first taught were unworthy of her character and attainments. Imagine a gentle girl who has just come from her home in a pious little village, suddenly placed in a frivolous boarding school where her serious nature is constantly wounded and her superiors show nothing but levity, indifference and selfishness! A score of times she was ready to leave and it required all her indomitable courage to remain at her task,—an experience which led her to form a low estimate of Parisian schools for girls. But, little by little, her merit was discerned and she was given

charge of the classes in a very respectable school, though she never enjoyed this particular line of teaching where she was always hampered in carrying out her ideas by the niggardliness inevitable in private institutions which are usually maintained by their proprietors solely for the income they yield. She worked sixteen hours a day, passing all the public examinations prescribed by the regulations, yet she grew strong and her mind expanded under labours which would have crushed an ordinary intellect. Her information, already broad, became remarkable, especially in modern history which she studied so profoundly that in later years, she could gather from a few words the drift of the most subtle criticism. Through the influence of this study which taught her the limitations of dogma, her religious views softened, but her inherent faith, strengthened by early training, was too deeply rooted to be easily shaken. All that mental expansion which might have been dangerous in a different woman, wrought her no harm, for she made no display of learning; intellectual culture had so absolute and intrinsic a value in her eyes, that she never dreamed of using it to gratify her vanity.

In the year 1838, when I was half through

my fifteenth year, she sent for me to come to Paris. Trained by the good priests who conducted a kind of seminary at Tréguier, I gave early signs of a vocation for the church. The triumphs which I won delighted her and she related them to Dr. Descuret, physician to the school where she taught, a kind and celebrated man as well as an ardent Catholic, and the author of "Medicine for the Passions." He mentioned the possibility of securing a good pupil to Mr. Dupanloup, at that time brilliantly successful in managing the little seminary of St. Nicholas of Chardonnet, and returned to tell my sister that a scholarship at the seminary was offered me. Henrietta, whose Catholic beliefs were beginning to waver, saw with some regret that my education would tend wholly toward the priesthood, but she knew the respect due to a child's faith and never by a word did she dissuade me from the path I willingly followed. Always the same loving sister, but with greater decision and judgment gained through study and experience, she came to see me every week, still wearing the green woolen shawl which had shielded her, so poor and proud, in Brittany.

Teaching as an occupation is so unprofitable to women that, after five years spent in Paris where she had several attacks of

illness caused by overwork, my sister was still unable to carry the burdens which she had assumed with a purpose in view which would have daunted one less brave. My father's debts far exceeded the value of our paternal home, the only bit of property left us, but our mother was so beloved and business transactions in those days, in that happy country were still of so patriarchal a nature, that creditors never dreamed of pressing for a settlement, so it was agreed that she should keep our home, paying what she could and when she could. Henrietta would not hear of rest until this heavy load of debt was lifted, hence in 1840, she accepted a position as governess in a private family in Poland, though it involved years of exile and subjection; still she had made a greater sacrifice in leaving Brittany to face the great world. She set out in January, 1841, crossed the Black Forest and the snows which buried Southern Germany, to meet at Vienna the family which she was to enter; then, passing the Carpathians, she reached the castle of Clémensow, a gloomy abode on the banks of the Bug where, for ten long years, she was to learn the bitterness of exile, even though a lofty purpose cheered her. Here at last, fate made her some amends for so much injustice, by placing

her in a family which I do not hesitate to name, since fresh lustre added to its historic glory spreads its praise — the family of Count André Zamoysky.

The enthusiasm with which she embraced her duties; the affection she soon felt for her three pupils; her joy in reaping the fruits of her labours, especially in the development of her youngest pupil, Princess Cecelia Lubomirska who was under her instructions longest; the lasting esteem she won from all the members of that noble family who never ceased to rely upon her wisdom for timely counsel even after she returned to France; the close affinity between the grave sincerity of her nature and the character of the whole household — all helped her to forget the hardships of her position and the rigours of a climate which never suited her health.

She became attached to Poland and conceived a great liking for the Polish peasant whom she thought a worthy creature, less energetic, but full of deep religious instincts like the Breton. She lived at intervals in Warsaw, Vienna and Dresden, while visits to Germany and Italy contributed to ripen her intelligence. Venice and Florence were a dream of enchantment to her, but her heart went out to Rome, and she loved with Lord Byron to call it, "Dear city of the

soul." Under its inspiration she came to perceive with calmness the distinction which the philosophic mind must draw between religion in its essence, and its particular forms. Like all strangers who have lived in Rome, she grew indulgent even toward the foolish ceremonial of modern Papacy.

III

In 1845, I quitted the Seminary of Saint Sulpice where, owing to the wise and liberal policy which controlled that institution, I made great progress in Philology, a study which unsettled my religious convictions. Here again, Henrietta was my guide; she had passed over the ground before me and had lost all faith in Catholicism, though she never tried to influence my beliefs.

When I opened my heart in regard to the doubts which tormented me, when I told her I felt it my duty to renounce a career in which absolute faith is essential, she was delighted and proposed to aid me in this important step.

I began to make my way in life when I was nearly twenty-three, old in thought, but as inexperienced, as ignorant of the world as I could well be, without friends and lacking the ordinary advantages of a lad of fifteen, without even a bachelor's degree. We decided that I should seek for some employment in the Paris schools, which would keep me, as they say,—furnish me with board and lodging without salary, leaving me abundant time for study. Henrietta gave

me twelve hundred francs to enable me to wait and to supplement the deficiencies of my income in the meantime. That sum was the corner-stone of my success; though I was never obliged to draw upon it too largely, it assured me peace of mind to think at ease and saved me from the strain of overwork. At this decisive moment in my life, my sister's admirable letters were my comfort and support. While I was struggling with difficulties, all the harder from my ignorance of the world I had entered, her health was suffering greatly from the severity of the Polish winters; a chronic disease of the larynx developed so rapidly that she was advised to return to France. Moreover, her task was done, our father's debts were all paid and the remnant of his property safe in my mother's hands, freed from all claims; my brother had now won by his exertions, a position which promised wealth in the future. The thought of meeting possessed us both, and in September, 1850, I joined Henrietta in Berlin.

Ten years of exile had completely changed her, she had grown old, and nothing but a look of ineffable goodness remained of the loveliness her face had worn when we parted in the parlour of the Seminary St. Nicholas.

Tears fill my eyes as I look back over the

happy years which followed. We took a small apartment near the Val de Grâce where we lived in perfect solitude, as my sister had no friends and seemed to seek none. Our windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelite nuns in the Rue de l'Enfer and during the long hours which I spent in the National Library, she took pleasure in watching these recluses, regulating her life to some extent by theirs. She had the greatest respect for my work and in the evening she would sit by me for hours, breathing softly, lest she should disturb me. The door between our rooms was always open that she might keep me in view, but her love for me had ripened into such discretion that the secret communion of our thoughts sufficed her; jealous and exacting by nature, she was now content with a few moments daily so long as she felt assured of my whole heart.

By means of strict economy, she contrived on a very slender income to provide for me a home where nothing was lacking, graced even by a simple charm. So perfect was the union of our minds, we hardly needed words; our opinions of God and the universe were the same and not a shade in the theories I was then maturing, proved too subtle for her to apprehend, indeed she

excelled me in many points of modern history which she had studied at the fountain-head. The general outline of my career as well as the plan of inflexible sincerity I adopted was essentially the product of her conscience acting in unity with mine; had I been tempted to falter, she would have called me back to duty like the voice of my better self.

Serving as my amanuensis and invaluable in this capacity, she copied all my works and penetrated their meaning so deeply that I could rely upon her as a living *index* to my own thought. I owe much to her in the matter of literary form for she read the proofs of all my writings and was keen in detecting faults of style which I had overlooked. Her own was excellent, formed wholly upon classic models and so pure, so correct, I doubt whether any writer since the days of Port Royal has conceived so lofty an ideal of perfect diction; hence she was a severe critic and favoured but few contemporary authors. When she saw my first essays which had not reached her in Poland, she was dissatisfied with them, even though she agreed with the tendency of their ideas and believed that every writer should enjoy full liberty in the dignified expression of his deepest thoughts; but she found their style

abrupt and careless, their tone, harsh and exaggerated, while in some passages, our language was treated in a disrespectful manner. She convinced me that the simple and correct style of the best authors is suited to every form of thought, while novel phrases and forced metaphors spring from affectation or ignorance of the resources at our command; hence an important change in my style of writing dates from this period. I formed the habit of composing with a view to her criticism, risking some bold strokes which I was prepared to sacrifice at her bidding. Since she left me, I suffer cruelly from this habit of mind, like a patient who is constantly forgetting in his movements that his limb has been amputated. She was, indeed, one of the factors of my intellectual life and with her, I lost part of my own being. On all points of ethics we had come to see with the same eyes and feel as with one heart; her thoughts kept pace with mine so closely that she often anticipated what I was about to say, the idea presenting itself to both our minds at the same instant. But in one particular she far excelled me,—in spiritual things I was still seeking material for lively discussion or artistic themes, while nothing ever stained the purity of her close communion with

Goodness; no discord vexed the worship which she paid to truth. One quality of my writings which grieved her, was the spirit of satire which possessed me and often crept into my best work. I had never suffered, and to my mind, it savoured of philosophy to smile covertly at man's folly and conceit, but finding this distressed her, little by little I yielded to her judgment and I see now that she was right. The good should be simply good; any taint of sarcasm implies some remnant of vanity or self distrust which soon becomes distasteful. Her religion had reached the last stage of purification. She entirely rejected the supernatural, while retaining a strong attachment to the Christian faith, although Protestantism, even of the broadest type, failed to satisfy her; she cherished tender memories of Catholicism with its music, its psalms and the offices of devotion which were dear to her in childhood; she was a saint in all but rigid faith in rites and symbols.

About a month before my sister's death, we talked long and earnestly of religion with good Dr. Gaillardot on the terrace of our house at Ghazir. She discouraged my tendency to formulate theories concerning an impersonal God and a purely ideal

immortality. Without being a Deist in the vulgar sense, she was unwilling to reduce religion to an abstract idea. In practice, at least, everything was clear to her. "Yes," she said to us, "when my last hour comes, I shall have the satisfaction of feeling I have done all the good I could. If there is anything that is not vanity, it is this."

An exquisite appreciation of nature was the source of much of her deepest enjoyment; a fine day, a sunbeam, a flower filled her with delight. She understood perfectly the delicate art of the great idealistic schools of Italy, but she could not suffer the brutal or violent style which aims at something less than beauty.

Circumstances had given her a wide knowledge of the history of art in the Middle Ages. She compiled all the notes for my treatise on the "Condition of the Fine Arts in the Fourteenth Century," which will form part of the twenty-fourth volume of my "Literary History of France." For this purpose she consulted patiently all the great works on Archæology published within half a century, gleaning carefully every fact relating to the subject; her inferences, noted in passing, are remarkably accurate and I have seldom failed to adopt them. To complete our researches, we visited the birthplace of

Gothic art,—Vexin, Valois, Beauvais and the vicinity of Noyon, Laon and Rheims. During our journey my sister displayed a surprising activity, stimulated by her interest in the subject of our inquiries.

She found her ideal in a life of toil and retirement, sweetened by love, hence she was fond of repeating the words of Thomas à Kempis, "In angello cum libello."[1]

Many hours passed amid these quiet pursuits, her mind serene, her anxious heart, at rest; so remarkable was her power of application, I have seen her labour for days, scarcely pausing for a moment, before her self-imposed task was completed. She contributed to several educational journals, in particular to that in charge of her friend Miss Ulliac-Trémadeure, but she never signed her articles and, owing to her modesty, won no recognition beyond the esteem of a small number; moreover, the vile taste pervading all French works designed for the education of women, forbade her to expect either great returns or wide success,— indeed she wrote chiefly to oblige her friend who was old and infirm. Her true self is best seen in her letters which are admirable.

I relied upon her to furnish all the details,

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[1] In a little nook, with a little book.

not purely scientific, of our journey to the East, but, alas! the only record of this phase of my undertaking perished with her, save a fragment which I found among her papers. This is excellent, and we hope to publish it later, in connection with her letters and, perhaps, a narrative that she wrote of the great maritime expeditions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. She never did anything by halves and in this case she prepared herself thoroughly for the work and it shows a critical ability very rare in books intended for children.

My sister could never be called witty in the French acceptation which usually implies a turn for lively banter; she never jested at the expense of others and raillery she thought a cruel pastime. I remember once when we were going on the water at a pilgrimage in Lower Brittany, some poor women in the boat preceding ours, had decked themselves out in wretched taste. Our companions laughed at them but my sister burst into tears, seeing that the poor creatures were aware of the mirth excited by their costumes; to her it seemed barbarous to jeer at honest souls who were forgetting their troubles on a holiday and who perhaps, in making this display, had brought themselves to need, solely out of respect for the

occasion. A person who attracted ridicule was pitiable in her eyes and she was ready to love and defend him. Hence her indifference to society and her disinclination to take part in ordinary conversation which is generally a tissue of malice and frivolity. She had grown old before her time and she was accustomed to heighten the effect of age by her dress and manner. Sorrow had become in some sense her religion and she welcomed, I might almost say she cultivated every excuse for tears. Commonplace people seldom understood her, and called her stiff and shy; she could not belie her own loyal character, so noble that nothing less than pure goodness could satisfy her; the lower classes and peasants, on the contrary, found her exquisitely kind, while those who knew how to touch the finer chords of her nature, soon learned its depth and refinement.

Now and then, charming womanly traits appeared; her youth came back, she was a girl once more, she clung to life almost with smiles and the veil that hid her from the world seemed lifted.

These brief moments of delicious weakness, passing gleams of a vanished dawn, were pervaded by a soft melancholy and in this respect she was far superior to those

who profess in all its gloom, that detachment from earthly things, so vaunted by the mystics. She loved life, she found zest in it, and she could smile over a jewel or some womanly trifle as she would smile upon a flower. She had never pronounced the ascetic Christian's frenzied "Abrenuntio" to nature. Virtue was to her, no rigid strain, no effort of the will, but the spontaneous impulse of a pure soul going out toward goodness, serving God without fear or trembling.

Thus for six years we lived a very pure, exalted life. My position was still modest but that was my sister's wish; she would never have allowed me to sacrifice the least share of my independence for the sake of advancement, nor was she disturbed by the sudden reverses which befell our brother and involved the loss of all our savings; she would have exiled herself again, had it seemed necessary to ensure the steady unfoldment of my literary life.

Oh! my God, did I do all in my power to ensure her happiness? How bitterly I now reproach myself for being so reticent towards her, for not telling her more frequently how dear she was to me, for yielding too readily to my love of silent meditation, forgetting to make the most of every hour she was spared

to me! Oh! could I recall the moments which I might have devoted to her!

But I call that elect soul to witness that I always cherished her in my heart of hearts, that she ruled my whole moral life as none other ever ruled, that she was the guiding principle of my existence in sorrow or in joy. If I sinned against her, it was through a constraint of manner which should never deter those who know me well, and through an exalted respect, perhaps mistaken, which led me to avoid whatever seemed to profane the saintly purity of her nature. The same feelings held her aloof from me and her delicate reserve prevented her from opposing habits that were fostered by my long education for the church,—one that was wholly solitary during four years.

IV

BECAUSE of inexperience and above all because I little knew how different a woman's heart is from a man's, I exacted from my sister a sacrifice that no other could have made. I felt too deeply what I owed to such a friend to dream of changing our manner of life in any way without her consent, but with her usual generous prompting, she spoke to me on the subject. Ever since her return she had urged me to marry and, as I learned afterward, confided to a friend of ours a marriage she had planned for me, but which failed of results. She seemed so eager to take the initiative in this instance, I was completely misled, and nothing suggested to me that it might wound her heart when I came to tell her I had chosen one I deemed worthy of her companionship. While I let her talk to me of marriage, I never understood that she intended to leave me, believing that she would ever remain what she had proved herself, a faultless and loving sister, incapable of giving or taking offence, too secure of my feeling for her to grieve because I loved another. I now see the folly of such a conception; a woman's love differs entirely from a man's, for all

her affections are exclusive and jealous, and to her, there is but one type of love. But I was, in a measure excusable, being deceived, partly by my own extraordinary simplicity, partly by my sister herself. Was she not indeed the dupe of her own courage? When her plan for my union failed, she regretted it in a way, though in some respects the idea had grown distasteful to her, but, O mystery of woman's heart! the trial she went forth to meet so bravely, seemed cruel when it sought her; she was ready to drink from the cup prepared by her own hands, but she feared to taste the one I offered, though I had tried to lessen its bitterness.

Alas for the results of excessive delicacy of feeling! Lacking in frankness, a brother and sister who loved each other so tenderly, came at last, all unwittingly to lay snares for each other, to seek and fail to find each other in the dark. Those were wretched days and we were tossed by every tempest love can know. When my sister told me she had first suggested marriage, only to test the strength of my affection for her, when she warned me that the hour of my union must be that of her departure, I was in despair. Is it probable that her feelings were clear even to herself, or that she was

really actuated by a wish to oppose my marriage? Oh no, it was but the tumult in her passionate soul, the revolt of a heart whose love was strong to violence!

The first time that she met Miss Cornelia Scheffer, a strong attraction between them, created the affection which in after years, became so sweet to both; Arry Scheffer's frank and noble manner seized upon and impressed her; she saw that selfishness with all unworthy motives, must be put aside, and her good will was aroused, but at the decisive moment, she found herself a woman still; power to will had left her.

The day came, at last, which was to end this cruel suffering. Forced to choose between two affections, I resolved to sacrifice everything to the earlier, to that which bordered more closely upon duty, and I told Miss Scheffer that we could never meet again until my sister's heart ceased to bleed. This was in the evening and I went home and told Henrietta what I had done; her feelings instantly changed, and she was overwhelmed with remorse at the thought of having prevented a union which I ardently desired, — one whose advantages she herself appreciated. Very early the next morning, she hastened to my betrothed and remained with her for several hours; their tears

mingled but they parted happily and as true friends.

After my marriage, as before, we had all things in common. It was my sister's savings that put our first household on a possible footing and but for her aid, I could never have faced my new responsibilities. My trust in her goodness was so unbounded, that I did not realize until long afterward the thoughtlessness of my conduct.

For some time she was subject to constant alternations of mood. Again and again, the beguiling demons of distrust, of jealousy, of sudden passion and of swift repentance, whose home is woman's heart, awoke to torture her. Often she would hint gloomily at separating her life from ours, because, as she pretended in her changeful moments, she was no longer needed, but these thoughts faded slowly like the shadows of some evil dream. The exquisite tact and feeling of the sister I had given her, won a complete victory; when Henrietta broke into hasty reproaches, Cornelia would make peace so lovingly, her grace and simple gaiety changed our tears to smiles, and we kissed each other tenderly.

The integrity of heart and mind, displayed by these two women struggling with the most delicate problem of the affections, stirred

my admiration continually, and I learned to bless the sufferings which had brought me such reward. Sometimes, indeed, I felt that I had realized the artless hope I had first cherished of seeing my sister's happiness crowned by another than myself who knew how to bring into her life a joy and activity, I could not supply; more fortunate than prudent, I saw my folly turn to wisdom and I enjoyed the fruit of my rashness.

The birth of my little Arry dried the last traces of her tears; her love for the child was a true worship and the maternal instinct that overflowed her heart, found here its natural outlet. Her gentleness, her untiring patience, her love for everything good and simple, filled her with unspeakable tenderness for childhood; it was a sort of religion with her, — one that, to her melancholy nature, had an infinite charm. When my second child was born, a girl whom we lost in a few months, Henrietta told me several times that the little one had come to take her place beside me. The idea of death was sweet to her and she would dwell upon it with delight.

"You will see, my dear ones," she would say, "the little flower we have lost will leave a sweet perfume."

The memory of the dead child was long treasured in her thoughts, and thus, feeling

our joys and sorrows with all the keenness of her sensitive nature, she came to accept a full share in the new life I had brought about her. I count it as one of my greatest blessings in a moral sense, that I could realize in the character of the two women whose lives fate linked with mine, such a masterpiece of sacrifice and pure devotion. Their love for each other was strong and deep, and to-day, I am comforted by the thought that there is one beside me whose grief almost equals mine; each of them had her own place in my heart and each of them in her own way, was everything to me. A few days before my sister's death, when she seemed to presage the end that was so near, her words showed me that all her wounds were healed and nothing but a memory of the bitterness of former days remained.

V

In May, 1860, when the Emperor offered me a scientific mission to the ruins of ancient Phœnicia, Henrietta was among those who urged me most strongly to accept. Her political views were stanchly liberal but she thought that party feeling should be put aside for the sake of a project, excellent in itself, and which promised me no reward beyond the dangers incurred.

It was understood from the first that she should accompany me, not only because I had come to rely upon her care for me personally, and her valuable aid in all my work, but also, because I needed her in this instance to regulate my expenses and keep the accounts of the expedition. Her scrupulous fidelity enabled me to carry on a very complicated undertaking for a whole year and bring it to a good issue, without suffering for a moment from material anxiety, nor could I have executed my varied programme in so short a time, without her help. With amazing energy, she followed me step by step, up the boldest peaks of Lebanon, through the wilderness of Jordan, always with me, sharing every sight; if I had died the story of my journey lived in her mind, so she could have told it faithfully.

My heart stood still a thousand times as I watched her swaying upon the verge of some precipice, but she was never dismayed by the dangerous mountain tracks, nor the hardships inevitable to such expeditions.

She was wonderfully firm in the saddle and could ride eight or ten hours a day. Her health, usually somewhat frail, was sustained by force of will, but the strain upon her whole nervous system, began to appear in violent attacks of neuralgia; two or three times in the heart of the desert she fell into an alarming condition, but her courage deceived us all; she entered into my plans so warmly that nothing could induce her to leave me before she saw them accomplished.

The journey in itself was a source of lively enjoyment to her, being perhaps the only reward of her life, her one happy year; all her impressions were fresh and delightful, and she turned to the wonders of this new world with the innocent joy of a child.

Nothing can equal the charm of Syria in springtime and autumn. The fragrant air seems to inspire every living thing with something of its buoyant lightness. Flowers in profusion, especially the most beautiful cyclamens, spring from every crevice of the rocks and on the plains towards Amrit and Tortosa, a thick carpet of our choicest garden

blossoms stretched beneath our horses' feet; while the streams flowing down the mountain side, contrast refreshingly with the fierce sun that drinks up their waters.

Our first resting-place, three quarters of an hour from Jebail (Byblus) was the village of Amschit, founded some twenty-five or thirty years ago by the rich Maronite, Mikhaël Tobia whose heir Zakhia showed us great kindness, giving us a pleasant house overlooking Byblus and the sea.

The gentle manners of the people, their daily attentions and their affection for us both, especially for my sister, touched her very deeply. She always liked to come back to this village and we made it to some extent, our headquarters for the whole country around Byblus.

Another spot that she loved was the village of Sarba near Djourni, the home of that worthy family named Khadra well known to all French travellers in this part of the East. Her eyes were ravished by the lovely bay of Kesrouan with its closely nestled villages, its convents clinging to every peak and its mountains sloping down to meet the clear waves; a hymn of joy welled from her heart every time this scene burst upon us in coming from Jebail through the cliffs toward the north.

She usually liked the Maronites very well, and her visit to the convent of Bkerké where the Patriarch then lived surrounded by his simple-hearted, rustic bishops, left a pleasant impression upon her mind. On the contrary she felt nothing but aversion for Beyrout with its petty European gossip and for commonplace cities like Sidon where the Mussulman type predominates. The sublime spectacle she witnessed at Tyre where in her lofty pavilion she was literally rocked by the tempest, filled her soul with awe. The nomad life, whose charm grows stronger, day by day, was becoming dear to her; every night on one pretext or another, my wife persuaded her not to stay in her tent alone, and though she feigned to demur, she was glad to yield for she enjoyed the sense of close and familiar contact with her loved ones in the midst of the great desert.

But our journey to Palestine aroused her most passionate enthusiasm. Jerusalem with its incomparable memories, Naplousa and its lovely valley, Mount Carmel covered with spring flowers, above all, Galilee, a paradise in ruins where the Divine breath yet lingers, held her spellbound for six delightful weeks. Starting from Tyre and Oum-el-Awamid, we had already made several short excursions, covering six or eight days each, into the

ancient lands of the tribes of Asher and Naphtali, once the scene of such mighty acts. At Kasyoun above Lake Huleh, when I first showed Henrietta the whole country of the Upper Jordan with Lake Gennesaret, the birthplace of Christianity, shining in the distance, she thanked me, saying I had given her the reward of her whole life. Superior to the fanaticism which lends historical interest to certain localities or to relics generally apocryphal, she sought the spirit, the meaning, the general impression of the whole scene. Our long tours in that beautiful land with Mount Hermon ever in view, the snowy outline of its gorges clear against the blue heavens, haunt the memory like dreams of some fairer world.

In July, my wife who had been with us since January, was called away by other duties. The excavations were completed and the French army had evacuated Syria, but my sister and I staid behind to superintend the removal of objects found in the ruins, to finish exploring upper Lebanon and to prepare for a final campaign in Cyprus, the following autumn. I now regret most bitterly the share I took in prolonging our stay in Syria during those months which are most dangerous to Europeans.

Henrietta was much fatigued by our last

trip to Lebanon where we slept for three nights in a mud hut at Maschuaka, above the Adonis river. The constant passage from cool valleys to burning rocks, poor food and the necessity for sleeping in houses so low we had to fling them wide open to keep from stifling, planted the germs of that nervous malady so soon to appear. Leaving the deep valleys of Tannourin, after spending the night at the convent of Mar-Yakoub, on one of the sharpest peaks in that region, we entered the scorching heats of Toula; the sudden transition was overwhelming and about eleven o'clock in the village of Helta, my sister was seized with sudden illness. I persuaded her to rest a few moments in the village priest's wretched hovel and further on, she tried to sleep in an oratory while I was copying some inscriptions, but the native women gave her no peace and they flocked around to look at her and touch her.

At last we came to Toula where for two days she was tortured by pain; no aid of any kind was available and the rude curiosity of the natives added to her discomfort; never having seen a European they crowded into the house and tormented her almost beyond endurance whenever I went out to pursue my researches. As soon as she could ride in the saddle, we went as far as Amschit

where she revived a little, but her left eye was affected and at times she suffered from double sight.

Our fatigue and the intense heat prevailing all along the coast, led me to fix our abode at Ghazir, very high above the sea, at the further end of the bay, so we took leave of our good villagers at Amschit and Jebail. It was sunset when we reached the mouth of the river Adonis where we rested some moments. Though my sister was not free from pain, the voluptuous calm of this beautiful scene, soothed her mind and for an interval she was cheerful, almost gay. As we climbed the mountain of Ghazir by moonlight and the burning sea coast fell behind, she seemed better and we hoped that all our sufferings were over.

Ghazir is certainly one of the loveliest spots in the world. The nearest valleys are covered with delightful verdure and the slopes of Aramoun, just above, complete the fairest landscape that I saw in Lebanon; but the inhabitants, spoiled by contact with the pretended aristocrats of the country, want the good qualities common to the Maronites. We found here a pleasant little house with a vine-covered arbour where, in our weariness, we rested sweetly. We had snow from the clefts of the mountain and

our poor fellow travellers, Henrietta's Arab mare, my mule Sada, cropped the grass close at hand.

During the first two weeks my sister continued to suffer more or less, then the pain ceased, and God granted her a few more hours of pure happiness before she left this earth. The memory of those days is unspeakably precious! The inevitable delays attending the difficult enterprise we were bringing to a close, left me ample leisure and I determined to write down all the ideas concerning the life of Jesus which had been germinating in my mind ever since my stay in Tyre and my journey to Jerusalem.

While I was reading the gospels in Galilee, a vivid conception of the personality of that great Founder rose before me, and there, in the deepest seclusion, with the help of the gospels and Josephus, I began a "Life of Jesus" which I continued at Ghazir, bringing the story down to the last journey to Jerusalem.

Delightful hours, too swiftly fled, O, may eternity be like you! From morning till night I was as one drunken with the thoughts fermenting within me; they held me till I slept and with the first rays creeping up behind the mountain-top, the ecstasy

returned. Day by day I confided to Henrietta the progress of my work; she copied every page as soon as written.

"I shall love this book," she said, "first because we have shared the labour and also because it pleases me."

Never before was her mind so exalted, while the wisdom and justice of her reflections surprised me, as at night we walked upon our terrace in the starlight; some of her thoughts were revelations to me; her joy seemed to overflow and this was certainly the most blessed season in her life; our souls were never in so close communion and she told me more than once, those days had been a paradise to her.

Hints of sadness mingled with it all, for the physical suffering that was only lulled, awoke at intervals as if in ominous warning. Then she would complain that fate was niggardly and snatched away the only hours of perfect joy it ever granted her.

Early in September, I found it very inconvenient to remain at Ghazir, learning that the interests of my mission called me to Beyrout. We said farewell to our mountain home, not without tears, and for the last time we passed over that beautiful road along the Dog river which had grown so familiar to us during the past year.

Though the heat was oppressive we were still happy for a little time at Beyrout; the days were scorching but the nights were delicious and every evening we could feast our eyes upon Sannin bathed in Olympian splendour by the rays of the dying sun. The work of transportation was nearly at an end and our trip to Cyprus would conclude the expedition.

We were beginning to talk of home; we saw once more the soft, pale sun, felt the moist freshness of the northern autumn, trod the green meadows by the river Oise where we had wandered just two years before. My sister dwelt fondly upon the joy of meeting little Arry and our dear mother, while in certain moods, all her family recollections interblended and she talked much of our father, of his tenderness and his deep loving nature; I never saw her more noble, more attractive.

Sunday, September 15, Admiral Le Barbier de Tinan notified me that the Cato could spend a week in fresh efforts to exhume two immense sarcophagi at Jebail, which we judged at first could not be removed. My presence on the spot during the whole week was not absolutely required; I could have gone down with the Cato to give some directions, and then returned overland to Beyrout.

But I knew that separations of this kind were unpleasant to my sister, besides she always liked to stay at Amschit, so the thought came to me that we could both sail with the Cato, pass the week at Amschit and return in the same way.

This plan was adopted and on Monday we set out, though my sister had not been well since Sunday night. She enjoyed the sail and the sight of Lebanon in all its summer glory and, while I went with the commandant to arrange for the removal of the sarcophagi, she rested very quietly on board. After sunset in the evening we went up to Amschit where our good friends who had no hope of seeing us again, greeted us warmly.

Henrietta was glad to be with them and after we had dined, we spent a part of the night on the terrace of Zakhia's house. The sky was magnificent and I reminded her of that passage in Job where the old patriarch boasts proudly that his mouth has never kissed his hand nor his heart been secretly enticed when he beheld the sun when it shined or the moon walking in brightness.

The whole spirit of the ancient Syrian worship seemed to pass before us. At our feet lay Byblus; southward, in the sacred region of Lebanon rose the grotesque outline of the crags and forests of Djébel-Mousa

where the legends say Adonis perished; curving around to the north toward Botrys, the sea girt us in on either side. That was the last day of perfect happiness in my life; every joy in future will but revive the past, reminding me of one who is no longer here to share the present.

My sister was slightly worse on Tuesday, but I was not uneasy for this attack seemed a mere nothing compared with what I had seen her endure. I turned again with passionate interest to my "Life of Jesus" and after working all day, she was still cheerful on the terrace in the evening. Wednesday she suffered more and I determined to call in the surgeon from the Cato, but he found no alarming symptoms. Thursday she was no worse, yet the day proved a sad one for I, in my turn was smitten. I had brought my mission to a close without any serious illness, now by some mischance that will haunt me to the day of my death like a nightmare, I was to succumb at the very moment I was needed to sooth my sister's last agony.

Thursday morning, I had occasion to go down to the harbour to confer with the commandant and on my way back, I was nearly overcome by the sun's rays reflected from the burning rocks along the hill. In

the afternoon I was seized with violent fever accompanied by severe neuralgia; it was in reality the same fatal disease that was burning away my poor sister's life, though the surgeon, skilled as he was, did not recognize it. The malignant fevers of the Syrian coast assume a character always puzzling to physicians who have not lived in the country. Sulphate of quinine given in large doses might have saved us both at this time.

In the evening I told the doctor that I felt my senses going but he was too blind to the nature of our illness to consider this alarming. Then, like a dreadful vision, rose the fear, changed so soon into a harsh reality. I shuddered to think of our peril, alone and unconscious, at the mercy of these simple natives, densely ignorant, with the crudest notions of medicine. With a feeling of anguish I bade farewell to life, telling myself that all my papers including my "Life of Jesus," would be lost.

We passed a night of agony, though perhaps I suffered more than my poor sister for I remember she had strength to say in the morning, "Your whole night was one groan."

Friday, Saturday and Sunday float before me like the shadows of a painful dream, almost effaced by the attack which so nearly proved fatal on Monday. Unfortunately for

us, the doctor chanced to come in the intervals of fever so he could not foresee the succeeding crisis. I still wrote, but I knew it was poor work and when I came to read over the episode of the Last Supper which I had just reached in the story of the Passion, I found the lines strangely troubled showing that my thoughts had been revolving in a circle.

Certain small events I can remember; I wrote to the Sisters of Charity at Beyrout, asking them to send me some wine of quinine which no one else in Syria knew how to make, but I was vaguely conscious that the letter was incoherent. Neither Henrietta nor I could have realized that we were seriously ill, for when I was planning to start for France the following Thursday, she exclaimed in perfect confidence, "Yes, yes, let us go!" She said later, "Oh, how wretched I am! I see that I am doomed to suffer!"

One of these three days, about sunset she was still able to walk from her room into mine where she lay down upon a couch; the shutters were open and our eyes turned to Djébel-Mousa. She had a momentary foreboding of death though she little dreamed it was so near; tears filled her eyes and her pale face, wasted by suffering, took a faint

colour, as together we looked back with mournful tenderness over her past life. "I shall make my will," she said. "You will be my heir; I have not much to leave, still there is something. I want you to build a family tomb with my savings. We must all lie side by side. Little Ernestine, too, must be with us." Then she thought it over, showing me how the interior was to be arranged, and decided that it must be large enough for twelve persons. She wept as she spoke of little Arry and of our old mother; she told me what to give her niece and then, trying to fix upon something that would please Cornelia, she remembered a little Italian book, the "Fioretti" of St. Francis that Mr. Bertholet had given her. "I have loved you very deeply," she said finally. "Sometimes it has made you suffer. I have been unjust and selfish, but I loved you as no one loves in these days, as no one ought to love perhaps."

I burst into tears, then I spoke of our return and reminded her of little Arry, knowing this would sooth and cheer her; she joined with me in recalling every incident connected with her favourite theme, returning finally to the memory of our beloved father.

This was the last gleam of light for us both, coming between two crises of malignant

fever and in a few hours the second attack was upon us. Aside from the surgeon's brief visits, we were alone in the hands of our Arab servants and the villagers.

I have but the dimmest memory of that fatal Sunday, or I should say others have revived for me some traces which had faded out completely. I kept on working automatically all day and I can still remember how I felt as I watched the peasants going to mass; usually at that time, when they knew we intended to go, they would gather around to greet and escort us. The doctor came during the morning and it was agreed that next day before light, some of the sailors should come for my sister with a cot, also that the Cato should convey us to Beyrout without delay. I must have been writing towards noon in my poor sister's room, for they told me later that my books and notes were found there, scattered over the mat where I was accustomed to sit.

In the afternoon she grew much worse and I wrote to the doctor, begging him to come as soon as possible for I feared some trouble with the heart. I do not remember writing this letter, neither could I recall it when it was shown me several days afterwards; yet, I must have been conscious, for our servant Anton has since told me that I

ordered my sister moved into the parlour where I used to sleep,—also that I helped to carry her and staid by her a long time.

Perhaps we said farewell to each other then; she may have spoken holy words of parting which the delirium of fever has blotted from my mind. Anton assured me that she never realized she was dying, but he was so stupid and he knew so little French, it is doubtful whether he understood what was said.

About six o'clock the surgeon arrived, the commandant with him and they both thought it would never do to move my sister to Beyrout next day. Strangely enough, my attack came on while they were there and I lost consciousness in the commandant's arms. The two men, who were both upright and of good judgment, though deceived hitherto, in regard to our danger, took counsel together. The surgeon, frankly admitting that he could not check the disease whose progress baffled him, asked the commandant to go down to Beyrout and return as soon as possible with fresh aid. The commandant promised, but with a respect for Turkish etiquette which other navies disregard even in less urgent cases, he waited until four o'clock Monday morning.

By six, he was at Beyrout and reported to

Admiral Paris who, with remarkable courtesy, ordered him to return immediately with Dr. Louvel of the Algeziras, surgeon-in-chief to the squadron and Dr. Suquet, widely celebrated as the best authority upon Syrian diseases among our French physicians.

All these gentlemen reached Amschit by half-past ten, while Dr. Gaillardot arrived overland nearly at the same hour. Since the evening before, my sister and I had lain unconscious, facing each other in the great parlour of Zakhia's house, with no one to care for us but Anton. The good Zakhia family gathered around us in tears, trying to restrain the village priest, a sort of lunatic who had the presumption to insist upon treating us. I have been told that my sister never gave a sign of consciousness, during the whole of this period and Dr. Suquet who, of course, decided what treatment should be followed, soon recognized, Alas! that nothing could be done for her; every effort to induce a reaction failed and she could not swallow sulphate of quinine which, if given in large doses, is a sovereign remedy for attacks of this nature. Oh! can it be that a few hours earlier this method of treatment might have saved her? One relentless thought, at least, will never leave me—had we remained at Beyrout, the attack could

hardly have been averted, but in all probability, Dr. Suquet, called in time, would have been able to master it.

All day Monday my noble, loving sister lay dying and on Tuesday, September 24, at three o'clock in the morning, the end came. The Maronite priest who was summoned at the last moment, gave her extreme unction according to the rites of his church. There were friends who wept beside her but, O God, who would have dreamed my Henrietta would pass away so near me and I, unable to watch over her to the last! Yes, but for the fatal swoon of Sunday night, I do believe that my kisses and the sound of my voice would have called back the soul that was passing, long enough, perhaps, for help to come. I cannot persuade myself she lost consciousness so completely that I could not have aroused her. Once or twice in feverish dreams, I have fancied that she called me from the tomb where she was laid, but the presence and the care of French physicians, forbid, no doubt, this horrible surmise. Still, the thought that she was nursed by strangers, that she was touched by menial hands, that I could not lead the funeral rites and let my tears bear witness to the earth itself how dear she was to me; that her eyes if they turned once more to the world that

she was leaving, did not rest upon my face—this thought will weigh heavily upon me and will poison all my joys. If she knew that she was dying and missed me from her side, if she realized that I lay in agony while she was powerless to help me, Oh! then indeed, that angelic spirit must have passed away in anguish!

Consciousness is so distinct from its aspect and the impression it leaves upon our memory that I sometimes feel troubled in thinking of the matter.

Less exhausted than my sister, I was able to bear the enormous dose of quinine which had been administered and on Tuesday morning, about an hour before my loved one's death, I began to revive. My first question was to inquire for her, which certainly proves that I was more fully conscious on Sunday and even during my delirium, than my recollections of the time would indicate.

"She is very ill," was the reply, but I kept asking the same question over and over as I lay in a semi-stupour. "She is dead," they told me at last, knowing it was impossible to deceive me when they were preparing to take me to Beyrout. I begged them to let me see her, but they refused and they laid me in the very cot intended for her.

I was, at first, so completely stupefied that my sorrow mingled with the delusions of fever; wrapped in a burning vision, consumed by a dreadful thirst, I seemed ever to be with her at Aphaca where the river Adonis rises, under the gigantic walnut trees, below the waterfall; she was sitting beside me on the cool grass and I held a cup of ice-cold water to her fainting lips, then together, downcast and weeping, we plunged into that living spring.

It was two days more before I came to myself enough to grasp the terrible reality of my misfortune. After we left Amschit Dr. Gaillardot still remained to take charge of my poor sister's funeral and the village people who were much attached to her, followed her to the grave. No means for embalming were at hand and, as it was necessary to provide a temporary resting-place, Zakhia offered the tomb of Mikhaël Tobia, shaded by beautiful palm trees, on the outskirts of the village near a pleasant chapel; he merely desired an inscription to indicate, after she was removed, that a French woman had rested there.

She rests there still; I am reluctant to take her from the beautiful mountains where she was so happy, from the kindly villagers she loved so well, to lay her in one of our

gloomy cemeteries which she held in such aversion. Some day, of course, she must come back to me but who can tell what spot of earth may be my resting-place. Let her wait for me then, under the palm trees of Amschit, in the land of the ancient mysteries, near the holy Byblus.

We cannot see the links which bind great souls to the Infinite, but if, as all things lead us to believe, conscious existence is but a passing communion with the universe, — a communion which draws us closely to the bosom of God, was it not for souls like hers that immortality was designed? If man has the power to carve out, after a divine model, not of his choosing, a great moral personality composed in equal parts of his own nature and the ideal, it must be this which lives in the true sense. It cannot be matter, for matter is not a unit; it cannot be the atom for the atom is unconscious; it must be the soul when it has left its impress upon the eternal history of truth and goodness.

Who ever fulfilled this high destiny better than my sister? She could never have reached a more perfect development, her view of the universe could never have been broader than when she was taken from us, at the summit of a virtuous life, when the

measure of her love and devotion was crowned. Ah! but she should have been happier! I had woven for her a thousand fancied pleasures, dreaming fondly of sweet rewards in store for her in future, when I pictured her peacefully happy in my children's love and proud of my success. I hoped her noble heart, so tender it was wont to bleed, might rest at last in calm — I had almost said in selfish repose. By God's will she trod a thorny road, dying, indeed, well nigh without reward. The harvest-hour never struck for her, — that hour of rest and peace when we look back upon the sorrows of the way.

True, she never thought of reward; her great soul could not harbour the self-interest which so often mars the devotion inspired by positive forms of religious belief, and excites the idea that virtue is practised only for the usury it yields. When she lost faith in religion her faith in duty never flinched because it was the echo of her inherent nobility. Virtue in her case was the result of strong natural inclination, not of theory, so she was accustomed to do good for the sake of doing good, not to save her own soul and her love for beauty and goodness was free from the calculation which virtually says to God, "Were it not for thy

hell and thy heaven, I would not love thee."

But God will not suffer his saints to see corruption. Oh, heart whose flame of tender love was never quenched! Oh, brain, once throbbing with the purest thought! Oh, lovely eyes, shining with holy light! Oh, slender hands so often clasped in mine! — I shudder when I think that you are dust!

All things here are but types and shadows. The immortal element in every soul is that which binds it to the Infinite and man lives forever in God's memory. There, my beloved Henrietta, forever radiant, forever sinless, lives a thousand times more truly than she ever lived in those dark years when she was striving in her weakness to build up her spiritual personality, when she set her face steadily toward the perfect life, though the world misunderstood her.

May her memory be to us a precious confirmation of those eternal truths whereof every virtuous life bears record.

For myself, I have never doubted the reality of moral law, but now I see clearly that the logical order of the universe would be inverted, were such lives as hers designed to mock us.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE following passages are taken from *The Life of Ernest Renan* by Madame James Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson), London, 1897. In the first section brother and sister seem to come before us with renewed interest as viewed by this sympathetic friend after the lapse of years, and when they had been reunited by death. The final summing up of Renan's life and work is an appreciation of exquisite beauty.

I

THE MISSION TO PHŒNICIA

They landed at Beyrouth, and at once began their excavations at Byblos. Ancient Phœnicia, as the reader may remember, comprised that strip of Syrian coast — some thirty miles wide at largest, but nearly thrice as long — which runs between the Mediterranean shore and the range of Lebanon. There stand Azad and Marath, Tyre and Sidon, the Byblos of Adonis — memorable names! Ports, whence the Canaanitish

traders put forth to carry cedarwood to Solomon, and purple from Tyre, and, from Sidon, the famous wares of Artas the glass-maker; ports whence they sped to Greece, Spain, Africa, Italy, founding Carthage, founding Cadiz, building harbours and stations until they made the Mediterranean a mere Phœnician lake. In their boats, with their bales, these hardy traders carried knowledge: but for their alphabet, where were all our science? But in art these English of the East were less happy. Colossal, irregular, impressive, their strange dome of Amrit, guarded by its lions, is almost their only masterpiece. For the best part, their monuments are a half-barbaric reminiscence of Egypt or of Greece, coarsely wrought, overloaded by plaques of metal ornament.

If the sarcophagi which the Renans unearthed at Byblos, showed no happy marvel of design — if they were but honourable examples of provincial art roughly executed in the best materials, — at least they afforded a singular pleasure to their excavators. Brother and sister had never dreamed of a life so free. Here they sat, on this beautiful border of the Holy Land, commanding their little camp, discovering the secret of antiquity. Care and poverty had dogged their youth: for Ernest the dull hours of the usher,

or the dusty fatigues of the sub-librarian; for Henriette, exile and dependence amid plain after plain of sand and snow, endless forests of foreign pines. And now, united, the great cities of Phœnicia lay at their feet, and over the last blue mountain rim, Palestine! A new energy, a light of youth, animated them both. Henriette, the recluse of the Val-de-Grace, would spend ten hours at a stretch on horseback, nor speak of fatigue.

The autumn in Syria is long and full of charm. All the rocks of the gorges of Lebanon are wreathed with cyclamen. The plains towards Amrit are blue and red with flowers. From the heights of the mountains, which rise here, tier upon tier, in a quadruple range, the eye glances across chasms and forests, toward a sea more brilliant than the freshest blossoms. Cascades and torrents, clear as crystal, cool as ice, leap from their rocky sources, and dash down the sun-baked mountain-side, filling the hot air with the sparkle of their spray. A spectacle so extraordinary forced itself upon the long slow gaze of Renan. His unremarking eyes at last observed the vision of natural beauty, absorbed it, retained it. Syria completed the work begun by Italy: Renan was henceforth to be one of the subtlest, one of the profoundest painters of nature. Rousseau

himself has not more exquisite tints on his palette. And, like Jean-Jacques, he reproduces less a landscape than his own dream of a landscape floating in some pellucid haze of sentiment through which reality takes on a prestige more magical, an air of mystery and remoteness, peculiar less to the landscape than the seer.

The climate though beautiful, is unhealthy in its brusque alternances of heat and cold. Sometimes sudden gusts of neuralgia, terrible, appalling to witness, would sweep over Henriette Renan, lay her prostrate for some hours, or some days, and she would rise up again with unabated courage and resume their hard, happy, adventurous life. Seated squarely on her horse, she skirted the precipices of Lebanon, and never paled. Rough fare, the huts of the mountain for shelter, constant transitions from the burning sunshine to the sepulchral chill of the gorges in shadow, were but as welcome episodes in a continual pleasure. At Tyre, the high pavilion she occupied was rocked by the winds. The spectacle of their little camp, lost in the desert, filled her at night with a religious exaltation.

In January, 1861, Madame Ernest Renan came out to join them. Together they set out in the spring for Palestine. Often at

night, their tent set under the shadow of Mount Carmel, or by the deep hollow of the Lake of Galilee, the travellers read the series of Pilgrims' Psalms, which Renan was to recall a few months later in writing the *Life of Jesus*.

"For those provincial families the journey to Jerusalem was a solemnity full of sweetness. Psalm after psalm records the happiness of these pilgrim households travelling together in the spring time over hill and down dale, with the sacred splendour of Jerusalem at the journey's end. 'How happy are brethren who dwell together in amity!' . . . The last stage of all, Aïn-el-Haramié, is full of charm and melancholy. Few impressions rival that of the traveller who sets his camp there at nightfall. The valley is narrow and sombre; a dark water drips from the walls of the rocks, pierced with tombs. It is, I think, the 'Vale of Tears'—the 'gorge of dripping waters,' which is celebrated in the exquisite 83rd Psalm as one of the stations on the way, and in which the tender sadness of mediæval mysticism saw an image of the life of man. Early on the morrow the caravan will reach Jerusalem. Even to-day the thought reanimates the caravan, renders the evening short and the travellers' slumber light."

Jerusalem, tragic, arid, barren, seemed then as the law after the Gospel, as the letter after the spirit, and sharpened by contrast the souvenir of Galilean grace. In this harsh environment, the newness, the freshness, the divine originality of the New Testament appear more apparent still. Ever since his year of spiritual crisis Renan had pondered in his heart a Life of Jesus, unlike any yet written, which, while hiding nothing of the textual errors and apocryphs of the Gospel as we possess it, should set in high and clear relief the divine character, the exquisite inventions in moral sentiment of the Founder of Christianity. Here, in the Holy Land, that great figure never ceased upon his inner vision. No saint in his cell, no Crusader, was ever more fervently haunted by Christ Jesus than this unfrocked Churchman, this sceptical archæologist, busied with the details of a scientific mission. In the desolate Galilee of a Moslem rule, his mind's eye noted the flowery Paradise described by Josephus where the walnut and the date palm grew together. On the abandoned lake, with its one ruined ferry-boat, he saw the sails of Andrew and Peter, the prosperous fishermen of old. On the little promontories, overgrown with tamarisk and oleander, he followed the trace of the very footsteps of

the Son of Man. Far to the north the ravines of Mount Hermon are drawn in dazzling silver against the sky. The horizon, at least, has not altered in these two thousand years.

After the month of May the heat in Syria becomes oppressive. Galilee, deforested, deserted, is now so naked that the caravan reckons overnight where it shall find a spot of shade for the mid-day meal on the morrow. The journey back to Beyrouth cost the travellers much fatigue. Mme. Ernest Renan, *enceinte*, returned to France in the course of July. Her husband and sister-in-law would have done well to accompany her. Almost every member of the mission engaged under M. Renan in the excavations had already fallen dangerously ill with pestilential malaria. And the worst heat of the summer was to come. But the sense of scientific duty, always so strong in Renan, which over and over again prompted him to a course of action disastrous to his interests, urged him to remain on the parched and feverish Syrian coast in order to supervise the shipping of his archæological treasure, in order, also, to complete his exploration of the upper range of Lebanon. He meditated, even, an autumn excursion to Cyprus. Henriette happier, she declared,

than ever she had been in her life, Henriette, satisfied to find herself still indispensable to her idol, remained with him and braved—alas too courageously!—the exhalations of a Syrian autumn.

* * * * *

As a dream within a dream, there remained to haunt her brother the thought that Henriette had been spirited away from him alive, buried in the caverns of Lebanon while still in her living trance. For the likeness of that swoon to the last sleep filled him with fearful apprehensions, and he had never looked on Henriette's dead face. Even the presence of four French doctors at her deathbed could not entirely reassure him. And nearly twenty years after, in the *Dream of Leoline*, he speaks out this inner anguish: "Ah, see, her eyes open! Her long white hand moves out of the coffin. Her face is pale as of old, and her eyes swim in tears. Come, kiss me! Dear, I have so much to tell thee! How many years have passed since thy mortal fever. How weary thou must be with the long journey from thy grave. God knows that in all my joys I have never ceased to long for thy presence; not one happy moment but I would have shared it with thee! Ah, white shadow, open thine eyes, though it be for a quarter

of an hour; only one quarter of an hour in which to weep with thee, and expiate my faults towards thee, or suffer thy pious reproaches. O, pierced heart, how hast thou made me suffer! For so many hours, bitter and sweet, give me at least a glance."

There is no grief so terrible as to feel that, however innocently, we have abandoned our dearest in their hour of need. It is the grief of Peter. Renan never forgot that his sister died alone. For many years, she, at least, did not forsake him; for those whom we lose by death do not quit us all at once. All the company of true mourners may echo the words of Hippolytus, *μείζω βροτείας προσπεσών ὁμιλίας . . . χλύων μὲν αυδήν, ὄμμα δ' ὐυχ ὁρῶν τὸ σόν.* We feel an irresistible ægis above us. An inner presence is more penetrating and more intimate than we ever knew it, for the dead speak to us now from within. Our continual meditation on a varnished object recreates it in ourselves. We grow like the dead we adore; their spirit finds a home in us, and appears to use us and direct us at its will. But in the end our natural personality reasserts itself; only very few souls are transformed into the image they recall. Renan's character, so sensitive, so impressionable, had none the less a ground-work of singular *unmodifiable-*

ness; even the kindred spirit of Henriette, so like his own, could not permanently change that stubborn essence. . . . Time passes; the dead remain as dear; but their influence pervades us less and less, shrinks gradually back to its own centre, leaves us — as the fields are left on the retiring of a flood — fertilized, no doubt, and richer, but the same as before, land and not water, ourselves and not another, for the rest of our time. . . . Even Love-in-Death cannot create a new spirit within us.

So great, however, was the influence of Henriette, that, for years afterwards, not only her brother acted as she would have bid him act, but — far rarer triumph of love! — he thought as she would have bid him think, in all seriousness, in all tenderness, with a remote and noble elevation — checking as they rose those impulses towards irony, towards frivolity, towards scepticism, which Henriette had not loved.

II

RENAN'S DEATH

He died happy. His mind kept to the end its serene lucidity, his temper its kind sweetness, unalloyed by personal repining. All he asked was that his illness should put nothing out of its due order, that his death should cost no excessive grief—the only thing in which his wife ever disobeyed him. "I have done my work," he said to Madame Renan, "I die happy." And again he said, "It is the most natural thing in the world to die: let us accept the Laws of the Universe"—and he added: "the heavens and the earth remain."[1]

So he passed away, and his death struck France with a sort of stupor. He was the greatest man of genius our generation had known: in style, sentiment, poetry of feeling no less a Master than Victor Hugo; in history and philosophy the compeer of Taine; in philology the heir of Burnouf. There was scarce one branch of thought in France but it was impoverished by his disappearance.

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1 Ernest Renan was born February 28th, 1823, and died October 12th, 1892.

He was buried with great honours. The grey old College was decked as for a national festivity. The best and wisest men in France bade a public farewell to his sacred ashes. There had been a question of laying him to rest under the dome of the Panthéon. At the last moment the Government feared the protest of the Right at the opening of the Chambers. And the great Idealist had not where to lay his head. . . . His wife buried him with her people in the vault of the Sheffers at Mont-Martre. But where he should have lain, where he would have wished to lie, is in the small, green space which the cloister of Tréguier encloses. "It is there I would sleep," he said once, "under a stone engraved with these words—

Veritatem Dilexi."

Who knows? the day may dawn when the Church of his youth may yet accept the guardianship of the grave of Ernest Renan.

"All religions are vain (he said), but religion is not vain." . . . "Let us not abjure our Heavenly Father. Let us not deny the possibility of a final justice. Perchance we have never known one of those tragic situations where God is the sole confidant, the necessary Consoler. . . . Where else shall we seek the true witness, if not on

high? How often have we felt the need of an appeal to Absolute Truth; how often we would cry to it: 'Speak! Speak!' Who knows? At that instant we were, perhaps, on the threshold of Truth. But the strange thing is that nothing shows if our protestations have found a hearing. When Nimrod shot his arrows into Heaven, they came back to him tipped with blood. We have never received any response at all. O God, whom we adore in spite of all, Thou art in truth a Hidden God!"[1]

These were almost the last written words of Ernest Renan. They are characteristic. They might be taken from his earliest pages. Instinct and Reason speak to us in different voices, equally imperious, equally insistent; only we are most of us a little deaf with one ear! But Renan lost no word of either of these eternal monitors. There is his secret, there his charm, there the peculiar value of his genius. But therein also the something unconvinced — or only momentarily convinced — which leaves his purest harmonies for ever unresolved. We know that, in one other moment, he will hear the other Voice, he will deliver a different message: *le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait pas.*

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[1] Preface to *Feuilles Détachées.*

One lobe of his brain is continually engaged in supplementing the thoughts produced by the other: we can imagine them as two mirrors so placed as to show the opposing faces of the object they reflect. Fortunately this variety is saved from chaos by certain dominating principles which remain unaltered in the midst of mutability.

Religion may or may not be true; it is not vain; even though it answer to no supernatural reality. Our conscience is a moral fact as important as our reason, and the man who says "I ought" as superior to the savage as the man who says "I reflect."

The Good exists; and indeed we may say that it alone exists. Evil is transitory. In its different forms of Truth, Virtue, Knowledge, Beauty, the Good endures and accumulates, and, by the impulse of its own force, must develop more and more. "The world's our oyster": slowly, surely, it secretes the inevitable pearl which may survive it. Meanwhile Evil is with us certainly. We suffer, we are oppressed by material circumstances, we may even die before our time in anguish and never bring forth the fruit which we were destined to produce. Yet the construction of the universe allows for infinite waste. Other germs will bear; all will not be blasted. Evil is a sort of moral carbonic

acid gas, mortal when isolated and a real danger to our existence; and yet, when combined with other forces, not only innocuous, but even necessary to our vital powers, in the present state of their development. The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all. Man is born to suffer, but he is born to hope. And the message of the universe still runs, as of old: *αἰλίνον, αἰλίνον, εἶπε, τὸ δ'ἓν νιχάτω.*

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